St. Charles Seminary Library
Carthagena, Ohio
APR 8 '59

An Exchange of Views
—Letters and Replies

THE

Commonweal

Impact of Mass Art Forms

Art and Sensibility

by William F. Lynch

Qualifications for the High Court

Whose Judicial Temperament?

by Joseph F. Menez

THE WITCH-CRAFT OF DRAWING . . . . . by Betty Kaufman
UNTEMPERED DRIVE FOR JUSTICE . . . . . by Sue Davidson
SOVIET PHILOSOPHY . . . . . by Michael Harrington

lume LXX, No. 2 April 10, 1959 Twenty-Five Cents

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Commonweal Associates

THE LIST of Commonweal Associates has now passed the hundred mark, and memberships and contributions continue to come in. We are most grateful for this heartening interest and assistance from our readers. If the pace of the drive does not lag, there is every prospect of success for this key venture of our 35th Anniversary Year. By March 23 the following had enrolled as Charter or Sustaining Members:

Charter Members

Mrs. Joseph A. Boillin, New York, N.Y.
Mrs. Joseph Callan, Washington, D.C.
M. F. Carpenter, Iowa City, Iowa
Rev. Joseph A. Cashen, Crosby, Minn.
Sarah Ann Cassidy, Champaign, Ill.
Mrs. George L. Craig, Jr., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Elmo E. Crump, West Caldwell, N.J.
Rev. Edward Dahmus, St. Libory, Ill.
J. E. Dyer, New York, N.Y.
Rev. David P. Efroymson, Joliet, Ill.
Janey B. Hart, Lansing, Mich.
Joseph F. Hart, Wauwatosa, Wis.
Jane M. Hoey, New York, N.Y.
Hon. B. B. Horrigan, Pasco, Wash.
Peter A. Karl, Utica, N.Y.
Paul Kiniery, Chicago, Ill.
Eugene F. Kinkead, So. Orange, N.J.
John J. Kirwan, Washington, D.C.
Catherine Laughren, Los Angeles, Calif.
Katherine McCormick, Pittsfield, Mass.
C. E. McDermott, Cuyahoga Falls, O.
Rev. Francis A. McGinley, Archbald, Pa.
Most Rev. John King Mussio, Bishop of Steubenville, Ohio
Barbara Parrott, San Mateo, Calif.
Portsmouth Priory, Portsmouth, R.I.
Rev. Santi Privitera, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Rev. Charles Owen Rice, Washington, Pa.
Rev. John F. Ryan, Short Hills, N.J.
G. Howland Shaw, Washington, D.C.
Gregory B. Smith, New York, N.Y.
Mrs. W. K. Sturges, Jr., Ardsley-on-Hudson, N.Y.
Mrs. Alfred B. Wade, New Canaan, Conn.
Mrs. Brayton Wilbur, Hillsborough, Calif.
William Bennett Williams, Washington, D.C.

Sustaining Members

J. F. Abbott, Greenwich, Conn.
John Q. Adams, New York, N.Y.
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Anthony P. Arszulowicz, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Philip Belgrave, Ottawa, Ont.
Edward J. Bennan, Hinsdale, Ill.
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Henry C. Bezou, New Orleans, La.
Joseph Borgerhoff, U.S.S. Saratoga
Rev. Joseph Brown, Madison, Wis.
Francis L. Burke, Red Bank, N.J.
Mrs. Frederick J. Byrne, Bronxville, N.Y.
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Salvatore Cafiero, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Lawrence Carosino, Wilmington, Del.
Rt. Rev. Msgr. George W. Casey, Lexington, Mass.
Rev. Joseph Chiodini, St. Louis, Mo.
Paul Cifrino, Dorchester, Mass.
E. W. Coffey, Laurel Springs, Ill.
Dr. Joseph Conway, Watervliet, Mich.
Richard F. Corroon, Wilmington, Del.
Mrs. Paul Cret, Philadelphia, Pa.
Peter J. Crotty, Buffalo, N.Y.
Timothy U. A. Dillon, Washington, D.C.
Robert J. Donovan, Philadelphia, Pa.
Leo. F. Driscoll, Philadelphia, Pa.
Thomas Driscoll, New York, N.Y.
Joan Dunn, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Mrs. Joseph Du Vivier, New York, N.Y.
S. F. Eannarino, Monroeville, Pa.
James J. Egan, Upton, N.Y.
Henry J. Elden, Wyandotte, Mich.
Shirley Esenther, Chicago, Ill.
Mary W. Farin, Wilmington, Del.
Charles G. Fenwick, Washington, D.C.
Mr. & Mrs. James B. Finn, Glendale, Mo.
Hon. Frank Fitzgerald, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. Peter Fitzpatrick, Chicago, Ill.
Rosemary Fleming, Washington, D.C.
Mrs. Eliot Fletcher, Tampa, Fla.
Dorothy Gallagher, Kansas City, Mo.
Mrs. R. F. Gardiner, Norwich, Vt.
Oscar D. Gonzalez, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Margaret Gottsegen, Huntington, N.Y.
Mrs. Marcus Andrew Hirschl, Chicago, Ill.
Charles E. Hogan, Washington, D.C.
George J. Jacob, New Haven, Conn.
Ellen Keenan, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Francis Kernan, New York, N.Y.
Edith Lewis, New York, N.Y.
Lucy A. McCarthy, Troy, N.Y.
Daphne H. Mebane, New York, N.Y.
Mrs. William R. Mercer, New York, N.Y.
Gerald Miller, Washington, D.C.
Patricia Modula, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Aileen A. Moore, Chicago, Ill.
Arthur Morrissey, Medford, Mass.
Dr. Donal G. Murphy, Greens Farms, Conn.
Edward A. Murphy, Rome, N.Y.
Frances Murphy, Hollywood, Calif.
William Musham, Kenilworth, Ill.
Joseph O'Meara, Notre Dame, Ind.
Mary E. O'Meara, New York, N.Y.
John C. Palms, Pontiac, Mich.
Christian Peper, St. Louis, Mo.
Andrew Pettinger, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. James M. Pierce, Houlton, Me.
Dr. W. P. Portz, Milford, Del.
Mrs. Mary C. Powell, Washington, D.C.
Rev. Francis Principe, New Rochelle, N.Y.
Mrs. Robert W. Rea, Devon, Pa.
Mrs. James T. Reagan, St. Louis, Mo.
Bertha M. Reilly, Kittanning, Pa.
T. A. Reynolds, Winnetka, Ill.
Rev. Thomas M. Santa, Topeka, Kan.
Rev. Raymond Schultheis, Cleveland, Ohio
Madeleine Sheridan, Montreal, Que.
E. L. Sherman, New York, N.Y.
Rev. William Sherzer, Detroit, Mich.
George N. Shuster, New York, N.Y.
John Silbersack, Corning, Calif.
Rev. Joseph Stagl, Milwaukee, Wis.
Dr. Edwin W. Stevens, Munster, Ind.
C. J. Sullivan, Toronto, Ont.
John H. Taafe, Chicago, Ill.
Doris Toomey, West New York, N.J.
Mary Ellen Trottner, Skokie, Ill.
Robert E. Vaughan, Washington, D.C.
Richard Voorhees, West Lafayette, Ind.

COMMONWEAL ASSOCIATES — 386 Fourth Ave. — New York 16, N. Y.

I want to help The Commonweal. Please enroll me as a member of the Commonweal Associates.

☐ Charter Member $100 ☐ Sustaining Member $50

Name .....

Adress .....

City .....Zone.....State.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

THIS HOLY SEASON

BEFORE the spring of 1956, when the decrees restoring ancient Holy Week observances by the Sacred Congregation of Rites first went into effect, Catholics in this country seemed to concentrate on individualistic acts of special devotion during Passiontide. Assistance at Tenebrae in the evening, individual visits to the various altars of repose throughout the day on Holy Thursday, and attendance at the Good Friday "Three Hours," with its protracted Way of the Cross and its series of sermons on the "Seven Last Words," normally served as the highlights of the climax of the Lenten Season. These practices are still followed, but since the reforms instituted by Pius XII they have been yielding precedence to wider and more active participation in the Church's liturgy—to even more meaningful preparation for the feast of Christ's Resurrection from the dead.

For example, this year's Holy Week program of the National Council of Catholic Men featured on T.V. two prize-winning films of the week's liturgical observances in France. The first begins with a Palm Sunday procession in a workers' parish, proceeds through the varied, ancient rites of Maundy Thursday and ends with the veneration of the Crucifix by priests and people, and the Communion, of Good Friday. The second deals wholly with the Easter Vigil, with the new fire, the blessing of the Paschal Candle, the *Exsultet,* the blessing of the baptismal water and the font, an adult Baptism, the personal renewal of the Baptismal vows and the Easter Vigil Mass. A narrator, aided by the musical background provided by clergy, choir and people and effective views of world-famous paintings of Christ's Passion, Death and Resurrection, explains the course of these meaningful rites as the congregation visibly and audibly participates in them. And these two films represent what has now taken place with varying degrees of proficiency and participation in parish churches in the United States and other lands throughout the world.

The evidence that John XXIII—as was his predecessor—is himself strongly in favor of wider participation by all the faithful in the liturgy of the Church is quite plentiful. As Patriarch of Venice he placed special stress on various effective means of instructing the faithful in order to lead them to full participation with the priest at Sunday Mass. The Mass which Pope John celebrated in St. Peter's on Christmas Day for the people of Rome and pilgrims from afar was a dialogue Mass in accordance with his wishes; the vast congregation joined in making the responses.

POPE JOHN'S special concern for the rites of Holy Week was also manifested by two other very recent developments. He restored an ancient custom, which had gone into disuse since the days of Pope Pius IX, when he himself washed the feet of thirteen priests in observance of Maundy Thursday. And then the Pope decreed that in that portion of the Good Friday liturgy where priests and people offer a series of prayers for the needs of the entire Church and of the human race, the term *perfidi* ("unbelieving") be stricken from the reference to, and the prayer for, the Jews.

But perhaps the greatest single body of evidence for this direction in the outlook of the present Pope can be found in the text of his Easter message to the world, a message much less political and much more theological in its emphasis than might be supposed from reading the headlines and news stories on this subject in the American newspapers. It was delivered on Holy Saturday evening. Almost at its very beginning the Pope makes reference to the *Exsultet,* later to be followed by the first Alle-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

luia of the Gregorian chant joyously to be sung "in majestic cathedrals, and in remote little chapels in mission lands, in city parishes and in the humble churches scattered on the mountains and in the country districts, in every place where a Christian community is gathered in faith and love around its priests."

Pope John cites the Resurrection, which took place twenty centuries ago and now constitutes "the firm buttress of Christian society," as a proof of the enduring nature of the Church, the Mystical Body of Christ. "You are one body with a single spirit; each of you when he was called, called in the same hope; with the same Lord, the same faith, the same baptism. . . .

"The joyous mystery, about to be renewed in this night of watching and prayer has not only the meaning we have underlined, but also an efficacy which strikes deep into the heart of the spiritual life of every single Christian so as to form him in the image of the risen Christ. Easter is for all a mystery of death and of life . . . a mystery of death and of resurrection for every believer."

RESPONSIBILITIES OF JOURNALISM

DURING RECENT hearings of the House Appropriations defense subcommittee, Representative George Mahon of Texas said that the hearings were too often one-sided. "When you ask the Secretary of Defense what the state of the department is, he will not say, 'I am sorry I have turned out to be a failure. I had hoped to succeed but I am not doing so well.' " He will say, suggested Mr. Mahon, that progress is good and the department improving. And, further, if a Congressman is asked what kind of job he is doing he will probably reply, "I am glad you asked me that question. I am doing a magnificent job."

Were such partiality the rule it would be foolhardy to ask a member of any professional group how he or his profession was faring. Yet Eric Sevareid, on C.B.S.-T.V.'s "The Great Challenge," put just such a question to a group of well-known writers and editors. John Fischer, editor of *Harper's;* Barbara Ward, former assistant editor of the *Economist;* Sig Mickelson, vice president of Columbia Broadcasting Company, and other guests responded to the question—"Is American journalism meeting its responsibilities?"—with broad generalizations. But they also had specific criticisms and reservations, and the summary conclusion was that

THIS WEEK

Week by Week 43

Art and Sensibility
by William F. Lynch 47

Whose Judicial Temperament?
by Joseph F. Menez 51

A Catholic for President?—IV
by John Cogley 53

An Exchange of Views
I —*Literature and Morality* 54
II—*Birth Control in Pennsylvania* 56

The Stage
by Richard Hayes 57

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 58

Books 60

Art: The Witch-craft of Drawing
by Betty Kaufman 62

THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

Editor
EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Managing Editor
JAMES O'GARA

Associate Editors
JAMES FINN
RICHARD HORCHLER

Drama Critic: RICHARD HAYES; *Movie Critic:* PHILIP T. HARTUNG; *Social Action:* JOHN C. CORT; *Paris:* ROBERT BARRAT; *Rome:* GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN; *Great Britain:* MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Orange, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A. and published weekly at 440 Post Road, Orange, Conn. by the Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N.Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685.

Copyright © 1959 The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.

U. S. and Canada, $8 a year. Foreign, $10. Single copies 25¢

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there was much room for improvement in the presentation of news and information.

A recent survey of public opinion about the Berlin crisis adds strong support to their criticism. While the survey cannot place the blame, it suggests at least a partial failure somewhere along the way. Slightly over thirty per cent of the people interviewed knew nothing about the crisis, and about twenty-five per cent had only confused ideas that it somehow involved the Soviet Union. The remaining number of people interviewed had a relatively clear idea, but they represented less than fifty per cent.

The misunderstanding and lack of information concerning an issue as important as the Berlin crisis points up a failure in our society. Without some objective standards, one can not, of course, measure the degree of failure. But in a country with a literacy rate as high as ours, and where the citizen can choose from such a wide range of media, one cannot doubt that the statistics emphasize what we have yet to accomplish.

SLIGHT MISCALCULATION

THE MUCH-MALIGNED "prophets of doom" —those who have been worrying about the dangers of radioactive fall-out, and charging the Administration with suppressing and distorting the unpleasant facts on this question—seem to have been more right than their critics, although one might not guess this from reading some of the nation's newspapers.

It turns out now that the Atomic Energy Commission's estimate that radioactive particles from nuclear test explosions fall back to earth over a five- to ten-year period was over-optimistic. The Defense Department has learned that these particles descend in an average of three years. The A.E.C.'s contention that fall-out descends uniformly over the entire globe was also optimistic, it seems. Meteorological conditions tend to concentrate these deadly particles—at the moment over the United States.

What is perhaps most discouraging is the fact that these admissions have been wrung from Administration spokesmen by critics of the A.E.C. and its policy of secrecy only by the most persistent and thankless efforts. And even now those who cite the facts of the fall-out dispute are likely to be labeled "partisan" or "unpatriotic."

The latest revelations of fall-out data may force a new, large-scale study of this question and may lead to the end of A.E.C. authority over findings which bear upon public health as well as military security. This will be all to the good, but it can hardly bring satisfaction to the "prophets of doom" to find their fears confirmed.

AFRICAN UNREST

THE UNREST, the riots and the subsequent detention of over five hundred Africans in Nyasaland have had, of course, their implications for the rest of Africa—and for the Western world. The government of Ghana has bitterly condemned Prime Minister Roy Welensky's handling of the entire affair and has extended much of the criticism to the British Government for what it regards as implicit support of Sir Roy.

The chance that Ghana, the only African member of the British Commonwealth, might withdraw from the Commonwealth and form a Republic, while regarded as unlikely, is not lightly dismissed. Ghana, of course, would suffer from such an action, but so too would the Commonwealth, for Ghana is already looked upon as an example by African leaders. What Ghana does could possibly set the pattern for future African nations that might now be expected to join the Commonwealth.

But if the wisdom of Sir Roy's actions may be questioned, reports from Ghana do not make it appear that events are completely understood in Ghana. There seems to be, not only hostility, but a measure of misunderstanding on both sides. The British inquiry which has gotten under way may accomplish less than its purpose and it was early questioned both in Africa and in England, but it has already done much to ease a strained and dangerous situation. Any clarification it brings to the leaders in this troubled land will be significant.

THE JUKE-BOX PROBE

THE FURTHER the Senate Rackets Committee goes in its investigation of the coin-machine industry, the worse the entire situation looks. It is impossible to believe that many of the scandalous situations already uncovered could have existed without the knowledge and at least tacit approval of elected officials and law enforcement bodies, and this is perhaps the most ominous aspect of an altogether unpleasant matter.

The evils already turned up by the coin-box probe clearly reveal something other than the "abuses" by labor or management with which the McClellan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

committee is supposed to be concerned. What is involved is outright criminal activity, often by well-known racketeers, and more than a Senate spotlighting will be required to deal with it. In view of this fact, we welcome the news that a Federal grand jury has been assembled in the United States District Court in New York to probe the affairs of the coin-operated machine industry. The new grand jury will concentrate on violations of the anti-trust laws, but its investigation will undoubtedly cover a wide field. Present plans call for the jury to sit three months, rather than the customary one—a wise decision, we think; judging by the proceedings before the McClellan committee, the jurors are not likely to be troubled by any shortage of material.

AN ASIAN HUNGARY

THE POPULAR conception of Tibet as a storied land quite removed from the turbulence of modern life, indeed hardly real at all, has now been grimly shattered. Through the nearly impassable barriers of the Himalayan mountain peaks and the censorship of the Chinese Communists has come news of terribly modern, bitterly real events —the revolt of a subjugated people against their Communist overlords and then the ruthless suppression of that revolt by the Communists.

After the Chinese Communists invaded Tibet in 1950, they agreed to respect the autonomy of the Himalayan theocracy in domestic matters in return for Tibetan acknowledgment of Chinese authority over the kingdom's external affairs. In recent years, however, there have been persistent reports of friction between the Peiping government's representatives in Lhasa and the Dalai Lama and his followers. Two of the Dalai Lama's brothers, now in exile, have accused the Chinese Communists of systematic efforts to destroy the Tibetan religion and culture by any and every means, including the wanton slaughter of monks and the destruction of lamaseries.

Now Tibetan rebels have attacked the "Chinese People's Liberation Army" in Lhasa and taken the Dalai Lama, forcibly or not, from his palace there. Peiping claims to have already crushed the uprising, killing or capturing some four thousand rebels in the process, but there are reports that numbers of Tibetans are still holding out. The uprising is, of course, described by Peiping Radio as sparked by a tiny reactionary "clique," and countermeasures have been swift and harsh, including the dissolution of the Dalai Lama's government and the installation of a new regime headed by the Panchen Lama, twenty-one-year-old Communist puppet.

Observers see little hope for the Tibetan rebels when the vastly superior weight of Chinese arms is turned against them, but the fact of the revolt—and the subsequent abandonment by the Chinese of any pretense of Tibetan independence—may well have serious repercussions for the Communists throughout the Asian world. Already the uprising in Tibet and its bloody suppression are being described as "an Asian Hungary," in which the true nature of Communism is revealed to Asians far more tellingly than in any number of Western arguments.

Also revealed in this unhappy affair is the extent of the Communist effort for world domination. No man can be untouched by that struggle, it seems clear, not even those who dwell on "the roof of the world" itself.

FRIENDSHIP

SOME DEMOCRATIC critics of Senator Lyndon Johnson have long grumbled among themselves about his relationship with President Eisenhower. Politeness is one thing, they feel, but the positive good feeling between Republican President and Democratic Majority Leader is, for their taste, altogether too obvious. For such critics of the Senator from Texas, therefore, the President's recent "boost" for Senator Johnson must have seemed like poetic justice.

Asked at a press conference whether he thought Senator Johnson was "well qualified" to be President, Mr. Eisenhower broke his own rule against discussing Presidential candidates and said: "The only thing I will say about this is that the Senator has been one of my warm personal friends for many years, and like myself he belongs to the 'Cardiac Club.' "

Thus a Presidential press conference advertised far and wide one of Senator Johnson's greatest liabilities as a nominee—that he suffered a heart attack in 1955. One or two commentators have even wondered if President Eisenhower was in fact being devious and trying to prevent Senator Johnson from getting the nomination in 1960, but we don't believe this for a minute. Mr. Eisenhower was simply being friendly, and Senator Johnson has now learned an old truth: coping with one's enemies is easy enough; it's friends who cause the real problems.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Art and Sensibility

Nothing is more removed from the Catholic sense of things than to say that the emotional life of man is an evil, the result of original sin

by WILLIAM F. LYNCH

WHAT IS generally happening to the whole order of human sensibility and feeling under the impact of our mass art forms? By sensibility I simply mean all those elements of feeling and passion which we have always denominated under such names as joy, affection, grief, hate, envy, loneliness, regret, longing, jealousy, love, and every other emotion which has moved the souls of men and women from the beginning of time until now.

The question we are asking is central and decisive for the good of art and society. Sensibility is not an evil, far from it; nothing is more removed from the Catholic sense of things, nothing more remote from the "Catholic imagination," if there is formally such a thing, than to say that the emotional life of man is an evil, the result of a fall, the result of original sin. It is much more accurate to say that the emotions are the gift of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the God of reality; his feelings are one way by which man relates his whole being, well or badly, accurately or inaccurately, to reality. Sometimes this relation can only be expressed in terms of grief; at other times by love, loneliness, even by hate. These feelings are so essential to man, so human, that the one kind of man we all distrust is the man without sensibility, without feeling. It is nonsense to think that a real theology could be uninterested in the state of human sensibility in any civilization.

Let me note here, however, that when I say the "theologian" I am not talking of the mere moralist. The concern and intervention of the moralist is, as we have seen, of an occasional and sporadic kind, and his position is best maintained when it remains external to the art work. He is "against sin" and he occasionally makes this fact clear when sin happens to be present in cultural forms.

But the interest of the artist and of what I would call the speculative or creative theologian is more steady, permanent and intrinsic. The artist is *really* interested in the state of human sensibility; indeed we rather take it for granted that this is his whole vocation and preoccupying task. He is always carving it out in new forms. It is true that his direct concern is with words, sounds, movements, images, but only in so far as they are purveyors of sensibility; his constant battle to develop and refine all these things is an attempt to develop and refine the world of human feeling. The pure theologian is more directly concerned than he with this world as it represents and reflects the most profound interior state and structure of the soul. It is all very well to say that these are two altogether different preoccupations. Granted. But this kind of constant harping on obvious distinctions, especially when we are talking of the possibility of creative collaboration and not of supervisory relationships, can only end by producing irritation. Let us consider how the two, artist and theologian, might react together in the area of sensibility within the mass medium, and perhaps we shall then be thinking less of their differences and obvious autonomies than of their common sympathies and dedications in the order of the spirit.

IT IS CERTAINLY not my intention to select immediately "theological" materials for discussion, because I am very much afraid that by so doing I might seem to suggest that the artist push himself in a direction of formally theological materials and subjects in his work. But I am stressing, more than one usually does, that the immediately human materials of art have far greater theological connotations than we suppose

---

Father William F. Lynch, S.J., long editor of *Thought*, published by Fordham University, is now at Georgetown. This article is adapted from a forthcoming book by Father Lynch, *The Image Industries*, © 1959, Sheed & Ward, Inc., New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and should engage the positive and creative attention of the theologian. Nevertheless, there may be some advantage in starting at a point where we do not struggle into this state of awareness, where our object will be reasonably clear. For this pragmatic reason, therefore, let us consider the picture *The Ten Commandments.*

At the outset, it is rather important to say that it is not a *bad* picture morally, but is a very mediocre picture from the point of view both of art and theology, precisely because it misconceives, and therefore falsifies, the true dimensions of reality. Even if the artist or critic be not a believer, he would surely say of this picture that it substitutes flatness of perception and tawdry sensationalism for a proper sense of the divine and the relations between God and man. The religious picture of God and man given in *Green Pastures,* where God is a quiet, simple Negro who acts according to the dignified modes of human sensibility, is much less pretentious, and finally far more accurate, than the Coney Island, neon-lighted sensationalism of *The Ten Commandments.* Great and monster things take place in this picture, but very little occurs with real depth of feeling or insight into the heart of man as he relates himself either to man or God.

It is difficult to say which suffers more from this mediocre concept of the nature of reality—art or religion. In either case there is surely nothing to get excited about, and there is no particular need that either artist, critic, or theologian should get up on his pure white horse and condemn. But it is essential that all three, and "the public" increasingly with them, should know how such work is to be evaluated as an appraisal of reality.

Everyone with sense knows when the spectacular is being substituted for the real thing. It is true that different worlds of acting and making do require some differences in perceptivity for the proper judgments to be made thereon, but all can agree that when mere "showiness" invades the world of the religious it is particularly obnoxious. Such an invasion happens often, and in fact it is a constant Herculean task to keep our sense of the divine both sensitive and straight. (I do not mean in the order of concepts and theological accuracy but in the order of concrete gesture, action and feeling.)

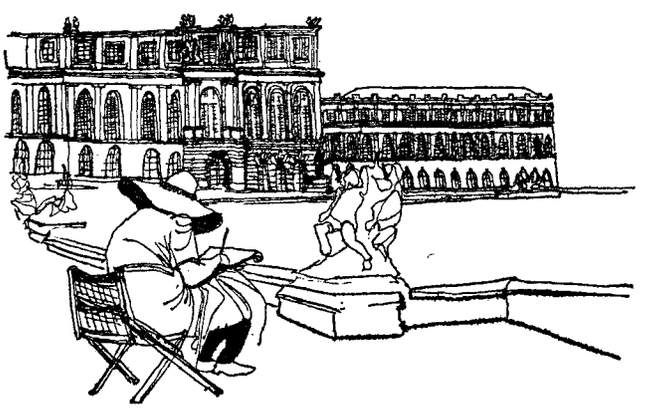
The merely spectacular is a disguise and a defense; it is a disguise for the fact that there is emptiness underneath; it is a defense against real awareness, real sensitivity, breaking out, for this kind of eruption always strikes us as dangerous and we would much rather tackle and receive into consciousness that which *impresses* as dangerous or important (the spectacular) than that which *really is* (any kind of strong human sensibility). The spectacular leads to the more spectacular, the large to the larger, for it never dares subject itself to inward inspection and therefore any defense against exactly such examination must always produce more noise and still greater effects.

Perhaps one of the largest dangers we face in any attempt to concretize the religious spirit in rhythms and images is that of reducing it to some kind of nice respectability and thus preventing it from becoming visible as the world of refined and powerful sensibility which in fact it always has been and is. This indeed is a universal danger which we face, this danger of creating a "New Christianity" dictated by a least-common-denominator way of feeling about everything. Within its dictates it is forbidden that anyone expose his true feelings or be his true self before God or man. We are all expected to "behave," but this seems increasingly to be a respectable conspiracy—a conspiracy to be nice and not to speak of the true dimensions of our humanity.

I know that this is a very difficult subject to discuss, and behaving according to "the true dimensions of reality" can involve plain crassness as well as a good deal of stupidity and arrogance. Mere respectability and *not* being oneself can be as great an evil as being oneself according to some ideal of immediacy and vulgarity of feeling.

I do not doubt that in this whole matter we must be circumspect; all I would add is that we must also learn to be occasionally daring, according to the wisdom of God. For He never long tolerates our defining reality according to our carefully chosen images and reactions; He is always breaking in to enlarge our pictures. And often the artist would seem to have been his instrument of enlargement.

Let me take as a passing example, that of the priesthood. No doubt there would be some consternation if authentic film versions were produced of Graham Greene's priest in *The Power and the Glory* or George Bernanos' priest in *The Diary of a Country Priest.* I do not intend to argue the defects of either characterization. But I do wish to argue that there is a compelling need that the priest should be seen by both theology and art—in the concepts of the one and the images of the other—as a man who is surrounded by infirmity,



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by his own first, that he may be then surrounded by that of others. No one who is heavy with all the burdens of true humanity will wish to come to one who is weighed down only by an awareness of the demands of respectability. We must not always be locking ourselves within the safe confines of the fear of scandal; we must also be thinking, sometimes with real alarm, of the dreadful situation the artist would produce for theology if he were to create a thoroughly respectable, middle-class image of the priest and of Christ, without any sensitivity save that which the world approved and found pleasant.

THE WORLD OF human feeling is a very complicated, subtle, and powerful world. I would hazard the statement that it is all these things because reality is all these things. We would all like to flatten down reality to insignificant, non-hierarchical, and non-bothersome proportions, because we are all afraid of it, in little or large ways. By the same token we would like to flatten down or ignore the emotional life of men, because we are afraid of that too; for this emotional life can be such a bewildering index of the impact of reality.

It is surely this impact and this fear that has at least something to do with the fact that so many people were repelled by *West Side Story,* for example. *West Side Story* is a completely integral piece, rhythmically tied together by masterful choreography; it is a work of art, part of the power of which lies in the fact that even in its finest moments as an art form it does not abandon the realities of the musical comedy which are natively American.

But for our present discussion the interesting thing is that so many theatergoers seem to have avoided it because its theme was, according to them, too serious and rigorous to provide entertainment—as though the integration of the more powerful sensibilities in the soul under the impulses of real artists does not provide a greater peace and a greater beauty than a dabbling with the minor feelings. People are simply afraid to enter into the larger experience, afraid that it will not turn out well, literally afraid to trust the artist to lead them to joy out of such materials.

No purpose is served either for art, theology or life by ignoring these human realities. Hollywood has devoted the better part of a whole industry to the production of pieces which either ignore the true inner reality of man or reduce it to petty proportions. The moral thinker, whose competence I am trying not to invade, knows with regret that his efforts to be morally discerning have led to an unhappy impasse. His largest classification includes pictures which are morally harmless but as works of art, or as representations of human sensibility and style, are substantially nothing but junk, and deep down are an offense to the dignity, the greatness of man. He tries unsuccessfully to squirm out of this uncomfortable position, which is not of his making, for it is the industry which has created it. But this is actually the point where I am suggesting that the speculative or creative theologian, the critic and the true artist must intervene, in a spirit and a mode which need not involve the consequences of classification or any approximation to immediately moral judgment.

Their common object would be an elevation of taste, not in a superficial or refined sense of that word, but as it involves both the proper humanity of our art forms and the truly human composition of the soul itself. Each can always ask his collaborating question: What is art? What is man? At the moment, what Hollywood seems to need is the delivery of a continuing protest that we may be good or we may be bad but, being human beings, we are not junk.

Entirely apart from any moral considerations there is, I am afraid, on the part of too many moviemakers, a contempt for the capacities for insight and sensitivity possessed by the ordinary citizen. One would be tempted to think that there is almost a plot against competent workmanship. The lack of elementary craftsmanship in a picture like *The Sun Also Rises* is pitiful, and the critical reader can probably recall miles of pictures on the same level of incompetence—incompetence both in ordinary workmanship and in failure to confront the materials of human sensibility on a firm and perceptive level. Pieces like *Jet Pilot, The Little Hut, Pal Joey, Don't Go Near The Water, The Joker Is Wild, The Hunchback Of Notre Dame* occur as random and recent examples to me.

It is surely hard to say which is the greater menace to the final dignity and structure of human nature: the film with the occasional deliberately seductive two minutes in it which can be recognized by moralists and all men of sense, or the film of poor, almost disdainful workmanship and inferior sensibility which constitutes an insult to the very substance, shape, and intelligence of man.

Obviously I am not advocating a legalistic, moral campaign against such nonsense, for that would probably be an unmitigated evil and we must keep moral intervention to a minimum in dealing with society as a whole. Actually I believe that in this area of discussion there is, with all intelligent men, no particular danger of a quarrel about freedom versus censorship. If the industry wishes to be free to do bad work, then this does not cancel out our freedom to counter with our own contempt and indignation.

It is, of course, quite true that many a critic and artist would be disturbed at the intervention of the moralist. I have not met an artist or a critic who would hesitate for a moment to be indignant at bad workmanship or plain ordinary human incompetence. That they

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may in the doing also be rendering a profound theological as well as human service to society may never enter into their minds, and in some cases it is just as well that it should not. On the other hand, it may never have occurred to some of the speculative theologians that they would be rendering an equally profound service to the arts of society if, with an increasing sensitivity to the inner vocabulary of art, they would tackle the theological implications of *good work,* leaving the immediately moral problems to the moral conscience.

BY FAR THE most important attack quantitatively on human sensibility through the mass media comes from the unblushing reduction of art to the constant level of entertainment. This kind of attack is so important and so fundamental that I should like to elaborate upon it. Let me, therefore, try to give a brief summary of what appear to me to be the major differences between art and mere entertainment in the light of their different impact on the state of human sensibility.

First of all, let us dismiss the superficial notion that the one, entertainment, gives pleasure, that the other, art, has more serious goals. As a matter of fact, rather than admit this, we might suggest that the very reverse might well be true, namely, that entertainment gives more pain than art. It would be absurd to suggest this of particular cases, for, just as we all have a right to a degree of fantasy, so too we have a right to and a need for plenty of entertainment. But by and large entertainment is a palliative, and none of us wants consciously to base his *life* on the idea of palliative. The *predominance* of entertainment would mean that there are a multitude of painful forces in man which are working in him unresolved and are here being eased by palliatives. This is an easy way out which in the end only increases the distress.

Art, on the other hand, is directly aware of the interior movements of the soul; it acknowledges their existence, sets them into act, and brings them into some kind of resolution or integration. It puts these forces in touch with reality and with situations which are a proper match and challenge for them. In one way or another I think this is true of such movies as *The Adulteress, Bonjour Tristesse, The Brothers Karamazov, Cabiria, La Strada, Gervaise, Peyton Place, Wild Is the Wind,* and *The Bridge on the River Kwai.*

A second major difference between art and entertainment is the different process of "identification" that takes place in each. In the one, entertainment, we readily identify ourselves with anybody and everybody, but in such a way that the goal of the process is to avoid that ultimate identification with our own selves, our own reality, from which alone comes true peace. In entertainment we yield ourselves to all kinds of superficial musical rhythms which cannot possibly touch that reality, or crooners who try to reduce the hard bed-rock of our feelings to a cheap dream; or we identify ourselves with type after type that cannot possibly be ourselves, with persons handsome or beautiful, commanding personalities, perfect personalities, with those who will soothe away our ills or make us think of something else.

In art the direction of the identification is altogether different. The artist, if he is truly such, is or should be in touch with the realities of his own being and ours, not avoiding them but facing and giving shape to both, forming a partnership of movement with us, he in the position of a dramatic expositor, we in the position of willing collaborators. We identify ourselves with entertainers, getting neither here nor there, for we must always return to ourselves and actually can never leave ourselves. The artist identifies himself with us, revealing us to ourselves, but he does more than this; he identifies us with each other in a common act of recognition of our humanity and of the fact that, no matter what, we still belong to the human race.

IN THIS sense all art is liturgical, helping us to feel together, uniting us in common acts of sensibility. There was a time early in the history of the theatrical arts of the West when this quality was clear from the very visible, external structure of the art.

I am thinking of the beginnings of the theater in its formally liturgical forms in the churches, where so frequently audience and play could become one compact unit of expressive sensibility. The three Marys at the tomb announced the news of the Resurrection to the medieval audience. They or other actors majestically discover to the congregation the linens that alone remain in the sepulcher after the event. In the *Herod* play of Saint Bénoit-sur-Loire, the shepherds invite all present to adore with them. In the simple *quem queritis in praesepe,* the Nativity is announced to the people. And nothing is more impressive than the fourteenth-century lament of the Passion in which the Virgin turns from the cross to the worshippers and, with arms open, cries out: "All ye that pass by the way, weep with me."

I am not suggesting that this explicit mode of establishing relationships among the audience, and between the audience and the artist, is anything but a first primitive movement in theater. But neither can I accept the view that our plays or movies should be "objects," cut off not only by a stage apron which neither party dare cross, but also by some kind of sheer objectivity which demands inactive contemplation and wonder on the part of the audience. If the art is real it will, by its interior achievement, and without external techniques, provoke an answering and free movement in the souls of those who view and hear it. It will indeed say "Weep or laugh with me," and the tears or laughter will be freely given.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A consideration of the qualities needed for the High Court

Whose Judicial Temperament?

by JOSEPH F. MENEZ

THERE HAS HARDLY been a time in its history when the Supreme Court has not been in the middle of controversy, when some group or other did not want to "reform" or "curb" it. The Court today is under fire. Southerners have revolted because of the desegregation decision; Congressmen believe that the Court is exceeding the Tenth Amendment and encroaching, as in the *Watkins* case, they say, on Congress itself; anti-Communists believe the Court is "soft" on Communism; the State Supreme Court Justices recently blasted the Court for "judicially legislating"; and President Eisenhower himself has intimated that some recent decisions are hard to understand.

A good deal of the current criticism is concerned with "judicial temperament." According to the critics, the members of the Court lack it. But what does "judicial temperament" mean? What measurement does the President use in appointing a Supreme Court Justice? Is the measurement the same for the Senate in confirming him? Does the public at large, as well as special organizations as different as the American Bar Association, the American Civil Liberties Union, or the United States Chamber of Commerce, have a still different measurement?

A further complication is that the appointment must be judged in terms of what one expects the Court's role to be in a democratic society. Should the Court be judicially activist or non-activist? Should it transfer the standards of the Bill of Rights—now applicable largely to the National Government—to the States as well? Should it restrict the conception of judicial review, in Justice Robert's phrase, to "the laying of the Constitution which is invoked beside the statute which is challenged . . . to decide whether the latter squares with the former" or expand it and assert with Chief Justice Earl Warren that the "beginning of justice is the capacity to generalize and make objective one's private sense of wrong?"

The Constitution does not help, since it says nothing about judicial qualifications; and what might be "judicial temperament" to one President or Senate or generation might not be to another. When, for instance, Louis D. Brandeis' name was before the Senate for confirmation, he was opposed by seven past presidents of the American Bar Association. And, heading a list of fifty-five distinguished Bostonians in opposition to Brandeis, President Lowell of Harvard said: "We do not believe that Mr. Brandeis has the judicial temperament and capacity which should be required in a judge of the Supreme Court."

WITH THE EXCEPTION of his fourth appointee, Charles E. Whittaker, President Eisenhower's appointments to the Court have been harshly dealt with by the Senate Judiciary Committee. Chief Justice Earl Warren was not only accused of having insufficient legal ability to be a Chief Justice but it was suggested that he followed the Marxist line. Justice John Marshall Harlan's confirmation was shamefully delayed because of guilt by association. His grandfather (of the same name) dissented in *Plessy v. Ferguson* with the electrifying phrase: "Our Constitution is color-blind." Justice Harlan was attacked, in addition, for being a close friend of international groups and a political follower of Thomas E. Dewey and his "henchmen."

William E. Brennan, Jr., who ascended to the High Court from New Jersey's highest court, ran into a snag when he was asked to explain what committee he had in mind in 1954 and 1955 when he denounced the "barbarism" of some of the investigative hearings. It was also necessary for him to state that his Catholicism was not incompatible with his oath of office, despite the fact that he was the sixth Catholic to sit on the Court, two of whom, Taney and White, were Chief Justices. And Potter Steward, the President's latest appointee, who has a recess appointment "on approval," is expected to meet Southern opposition for his ruling on segregation as a Circuit Judge.

Since the practice is now firmly established that nominees to the Court attend Judiciary Committee hearings, although they have done so only since 1925, it is hoped that these hearings be dignified and fair. Certainly the Committee must be chary of abusing its privileges, and it should not tolerate the scandalous

Mr. Menez is a member of the political science department of Loyola University, Chicago.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

politics which characterized the Warren hearings when Senator William Langer of North Dakota released unevaluated charges against Mr. Warren to the press.

It might be mentioned, also, that the practice, heavily relied upon by Mr. Eisenhower, of "clearing" the names of nominees with the American Bar Association could lead to a fatal diminution of the appointing power. The Bar should, of course, be consulted, but care should be exercised so as to avoid extending it a veto power. As Father Robert Drinan, Dean of the Boston College Law School, recently wrote: "The prior approval of the Bar Association for all judicial appointments would indeed be a treacherous idea to introduce." The Bar tends to be conservative, and such a prenatal influence on the nominating power—a power that approximates "Senatorial courtesy"—would concede too much to the Bar's own conception of "judicial temperament."

How much does prior judicial experience enter into this concept of "judicial temperament?" Judging from the charges made against Chief Justice Warren and some of the other "inexperienced" Justices, as well as the introduction in Congress of some proposed amendments to the Constitution spelling out what is meant by prior judicial experience, it would seem a *sine qua non.* And yet both in logic and practice it is not. Every judge, surely, ought to possess a decent portion of technical craftsmanship; still, a mere possession of it is not sufficient to make a man a great or even an outstanding judge. The law is not always clear and interpreting it is not always easy. The Court does not decide cases in the same way a pharmacist prepares a remedy.

It was Justice Felix Frankfurter's studied conclusion that the relationship between prior judicial experience and "judicial temperament" is "zero." It is noteworthy that of the fourteen Chief Justices only five (Jay, Ellsworth, White, Taft, and Vinson) had prior judicial experience, and among the Associate Justices there is a veritable galaxy of the judicial greats similarly devoid of such experience. Would the Court have performed a greater service as a fulcrum in our constitutional system had membership required previous experience? It is unlikely. Chief Justice Taft valued such experience as a measure of "judicial temperament" as much as anyone and yet of the eight appointments he made or influenced personally, the most successful were not those with most prior experience. Similarly, Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, in a list of eight outstanding judges, named only two who had prior judicial training.

THOUGH THE COURT is always described as being "liberal" or "conservative" and the Justices have tended to form "blocs"—with one or two "swingmen"—it defies such neat partition. Moreover, these are not "blocs" in the legislative sense of uniformity of opinion following a caucus. Justices vote as individuals and are fiercely jealous of their independence. To attempt putting them into pigeonholes is risky business; risky, also, is to assume a judge will be consistent, for judges—with considerable more candor than politicians—change their minds.

Thus, Stanley Reed started out as a liberal New Dealer, became a "swingman," and ultimately a conservative, while Charles Evans Hughes passed over the same road in the opposite direction. Madison, under Jefferson's prodding, appointed Joseph Story to "neutralize" John Marshall only to see him "captured." Woodrow Wilson appointed McReynolds, who then stood for everything the President abhorred; and Jackson as a member of the Court reversed a position he had assumed while Attorney General! Explaining his reversal, he wrote: "If there are other ways of gracefully and goodnaturedly surrendering former views to a better considered position, I invoke them all."

"Judicial temperament" has almost as many definitions as there are commentators, but at least, in addition to the importance put on prior judicial experience and technical craftsmanship, it means that the Justice must possess, as Anthony Lewis recently suggested, disinterestedness, a breadth of vision, ability to express oneself, and an awareness of tradition. Justice Frankfurter defines it as "largeness of view" in deciding the great issues before the Court. In *The Marble Palace,* John Frank understands "judicial temperament" to mean, among other things, that the Justice must possess the qualities of wisdom, judgment, great energy, the quality of creativeness, and the ability to be clear and persuasive in argument.

So, too, must the judge possess courage, for, as James M. Barrie once said, "Courage is the thing. All goes if courage goes." He must also be humane and not apply the law coldbloodedly. Thus Justice Miller, concerned with substantial justice rather than technical considerations, repeatedly asserted: "If this is not due process of law it ought to be." Even if a judge combined all these qualities, however, it would not satisfy Edmond Cahn if the judge is not wholeheartedly committed to the Bill of Rights. Unless the judge, he feels, is passionately "attached to liberty, justice, and equality, at best his contribution will be mediocre. At worst, it may be dangerously corrosive. How a judge uses his personal endowments depends largely on how deeply he cares for freedom and individual dignity."

There is, in short, no primary meaning to the term "judicial temperament." It is a phrase which means pretty much what the users of it want it to mean. It describes neither ability nor promise, nor does one train to achieve it. If it involves anything at all, it involves judgment, and judgment, said Justice Frankfurter, "derives from the totality of man's nature and experience."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A CATHOLIC FOR PRESIDENT?—IV

THE DAY WILL come when our perennial discussions about whether a Catholic is qualified to be President will seem somewhat primitive. Of that I am convinced. For I am persuaded that the American Constitutional system is so carefully structured that the difficulties propounded in the present controversy are actually meaningless.

In the usual discussion of this issue there is an underlying presupposition that the President is a kind of monarch who can do just about what he wants and whose authority is practically limitless. There are many things a Chief Executive simply can not do. He can not, for instance, write the laws of the nation. He can not determine the constitutionality of the laws that are written. Constitutionally, he is powerless to do most of the things that it is fearfully predicted a Catholic President might do.

If their fears are grounded in reality, those who are concerned about the possibility of a Catholic's being elected President would be more consistent if they focused on the other two branches of government. But an argument along that line would answer itself. For here experience would have to triumph over logic, or suspicion, or prejudice, or whatever it is that feeds their fears. If the subject of Catholics in Congress or Catholics on the Supreme Court is brought up, the obvious response will be "Let's look at the record." And the record will not sustain the fears.

I suspect that the argument about a Catholic President is really not very rational. I suspect, rather, that it has something to do with the symbolism of the office. An American President is not merely a Chief Executive; he is the closest thing we have to a living symbol of the nation. Before the world, he represents the rest of us in a very special way. Who he is and what he is, therefore, has much greater significance than the identity of a Senator or even of a Justice of the Supreme Court.

Why, at this point, is a Negro President out of the question? There are Negroes fully qualified for the office. Why would a Jewish candidate receive scant consideration? Why are women virtually eliminated? I suspect that however valid their qualifications, members of these groups could not, at this time, fulfill the symbolic function which the people, by and large, have in mind.

Can a Catholic? This is the big question mark of course. Certainly until recent years many Americans would have felt uneasy at the thought that a member of the Catholic Church was representing them before the world. Al Smith ruefully acknowledged this when he said that the time had not yet come when a man could say his beads in the White House. Thirty years have passed. Has the time yet come?

John F. Kennedy is no Al Smith. He is much closer to the enduring Protestant image of the President than the self-made man who grew up on the East Side of New York, had a scanty parochial school education and wore a brown derby. Kennedy is the American Catholic *arrivé*. He attended private schools (none of them Catholic), great secular universities and has a blue-ribbon social background. If the tradition which has kept Catholics out of the White House is to go, the image Kennedy projects will provide a fairly painless transition. The stereotype of the Irish Catholic politician, the pugnacious, priest-ridden representative of an embittered, embattled minority, simply does not fit the poised, urbane, cosmopolitan young socialite from Harvard.

America has changed a great deal in the last thirty years. Catholics have changed; Protestants have changed. I do not think that if Mr. Kennedy is nominated he will receive the bigoted battering that Mr. Smith had to take. Nor will he get the rapturous support of Catholics, pitifully pleased that one of their "own kind" has made it. The barrage of criticism he received in the Catholic Press a few weeks ago, even if it does not convince the die-hards that there is no Catholic plot to put a papist in the White House, does indicate rather conclusively that Catholic sectarianism is breaking down.

As I see it, the real question is whether America has become sufficiently pluralistic for a member of a minority group, albeit a large one, to perform the symbolic functions of the Presidency. Not unnaturally, as a member of the minority I hope so. But more than that, I hope that the people will change their minds about what kind of image they want their "symbol" to project.

Up to now, it seems to me, the image they sought was that of a White Anglo-Saxon Protestant nation, tolerant of minorities but dominantly WASP. To sustain that image, a series of rationalizations were employed—one for Catholics, another for Jews, another for Negroes, Hispanics, Orientals. These rationalizations persist. Ask your neighbor why he would not want to see a Catholic (Jew, Mexican-American or Oriental) President of the United States and you will hear one of these rationalizations. But I hope for a better day. I hope for the day when the White House will be open to Americans of every creed and color, because the image America wants to symbolize in its President is that of a "nation of nations, a people of peoples."

JOHN COGLEY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Exchange of Views

I—Literature and Morality

Jersey City, N. J.

TO THE EDITORS: I wonder whether Richard Horchler's article on literature and morality [Feb. 27] does not somewhat miss the point. The rules of morality do not apply so much to a work of literature taken in itself as to our actions concerning it: whether to write it, publish it, read it, or give it to others. And whatever the varying application of these rules in particular cases, when we speak in general terms, then surely we must speak of the general run of readers and the probable effect of a work on them. It is true that many, perhaps most, of our judgments will be merely probable rather than certain. But that is true in all fields of human activity, in each of which, while striving for certitude, we have to keep on living and regulating our lives as sanely as we can by probable moral judgments—not always, if we love ourselves, by the most liberal ones.

(Rev.) FRANCIS CANAVAN, S.J.

Newport, R. I.

TO THE EDITORS: I think that many readers of The Commonweal must have been disappointed in Mr. Richard Horchler's discussion of "Literature and Morality" in your issue of February 27th. This essay seems to me to shed more light on the confusion of its author's mind than it sheds on his subject. May I risk boring many of your readers by suggesting what seem to me the general lines of a more sophisticated approach? A deeper analysis is certainly needed if we are even to know what it is we are discussing.

What is a piece of literature? What indeed is any work of art? Still more broadly, what is anything made, with artistry or without artistry? What, even more basically, is any conceivable reality at all which we can make the object of our observation? What is an atom of hydrogen or of gold, a rose-bush or a robin, a sonnet or a novel? What have such diverse things as these in common?

Each of these objects has its own nature. It is a special kind of a thing, and we can give it a name. It also has an internal structure, a complicated system of internal parts. It is the arrangement or pattern of its tiniest parts that gives it its specific nature. The essence of an atom of gold, or of hydrogen, consists in the way in which its sub-atomic particles (whatever these may be) are disposed with regard to each other. Organic beings, such as rose-bush or robin, are vastly more complicated arrangements, elements being combined into carbohydrates, hydrocarbons, and proteins, and these into cells and organs. The sonnet and the novel are arrangements of words and, as Mr. Horchler says, are complicated enough in all conscience, but they are simple in structure when compared to the higher organisms. One way, then, in which all the great variety of things we can observe resemble each other is this, that they are all arrangements of parts. And it is these internal arrangements that make all things the kinds of things that they are.

But patterns all by themselves with nothing patterned are not real things but thoughts. They do not *exist* until the abstract pattern has been embodied in some kind of matter which is capable of stimulating our senses. The word "real" comes from "realis" which in turn comes from "res," a thing. The idea of a square knot is a topological pattern, but we have no *real* knot until a bit of rope or twine has been bent to the likeness of that idea. Until then it is a disembodied abstraction, an idea like the square root of two, and, as Mr. H. G. Wells once said, "You can't shoot the square root of two with a gun."

This correlation of pattern and patterned as a necessary foundation for all reality was called "Yin and Yang" in the ancient Far East, and in the West the "hylomorphic union" of form and matter. The essential natures of things depend on arrangement of their parts, while their existence depends on the parts so arranged.

But this is not all. As the existentialists remind us, this world does not consist merely of essences, realized or unrealized. It is also a huge tangle of indescribably complicated activity. Things not only *are*, but things *happen*. All is in movement and flux, everything serving and being served by something else. Outside each individual thing there exists a vast system or hierarchy of services. The environment of everything obeys laws of order. This external order is no less a pattern than the internal order we have already noticed. This pattern is controlled by what is called "the balance of Nature," and is studied by the rather new science of ecology. "The balance of Nature" itself is now recognized as a special example of the principle not very gracefully called "negative feed-back." Every thing is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not only an assemblage of smaller parts, but it is itself a part of a much vaster whole. The gold, the rose, and the sonnet, not only each *is* something but each *does* something, having a place in a chain of interrelated services.

But in this world of activities, of services, of closely related functions, the ends which are aimed at are not achieved without some means. To need something and to desire it is not to achieve it. Just as forms cannot be realized without the help of matter, so ends cannot be realized without the help of means. And the ends and the means are arranged in great chains, each thing being an end in itself but a means to something higher. The little fish feed upon the plankton, the larger fish on the little ones, and man on the larger fish. The woodcutter serves the sawyer in his mill, the sawyer serves the violin maker, the violin maker the violinist, the violinist the man who needs music. What is to the lower an end is a means to the higher, until we come to God who is not a means to anything, but is the End of all.

It is when we come to discuss human beings and their products that we first run into the question of morality, for below humanity this question of morality does not exist. We men have the gift of free will, which means that we have the power to choose between the activities for which we are ordained and activities less conducive to our destiny. We are capable of sinning, or of choosing a lower in place of a higher good.

Such considerations as these, it seems to me, are the necessary framework for any fruitful discussion of the relations between art and morality, and it is hard for me to see how much light can be generated by a discussion that neglects them. Of course they need not be explicitly stated, as I have tried to do here, but they must be implicit if the discussion is to bear much fruit.

When we grasp the inter-relationship of form and matter, means and ends, the absurdity of most of the words spoken and written today about "art" is at once manifest. For example, let me choose two favorite assertions of the proponents of our "art-world." First, that a work of art need fulfill no purpose beyond the fact of its existence. Its purpose is simply to be itself. Its purpose is beyond purpose, etc. Second, that "art" occupies some region separate from and independent of both intelligibility and morality.

Reduced to its simplest terms, the first proposition states that a final cause is identical with a formal cause. What a thing *is* and what it *is for* are the same. If what it is determined by its interior structure (its "milieu interne" as a French biologist has called it) and what it is for is determined by its place in its exterior milieu, this proposition reduces to "its inside equals its outside." This is an exaggeration of the truth that its form and its function are closely related, as the inner concavity of an eggshell is closely related to its outer convexity, or as man is related to woman. But we cannot say that convexity *is* concavity. And we cannot say a man *is* a woman. They are the complementary components of humanity. I cannot here analyze what seem to me Mr. Horchler's confusions, but I think that had he been in the habit of considering the natures of formal and final causes he would not have written as he has.

That "art" is in some sense detached from morals he makes his chief theme. But is it? Morality is concerned with ends, goods, final causes. Art is one of the means by which ends are served. Means exist to serve ends and not vice versa. A brush exists to paint pictures with, pictures do not exist to enable brushes to be used. Any picture has *some* end, and all the moralist asks is that it be one agreeable to man's high destiny. It is the artist's job to make the object as perfectly as possible, so that it may serve its purpose as well as possible. If I set before my guest poisoned food, I cannot exonerate myself by pointing out with what perfection of culinary art it has been cooked. Better for my guest that it should be uneatable, for then he will not eat it. It is no excuse for a salacious book that it is expertly written. A less well written piece of pornography would be less harmful to the common weal.

To discuss a single art (literature) in relation to a single aspect of morality (sex) with no deeper insight into the realities than your article evidences, is to try to sail a true course in a tempest of conflicting opinions without lode star, compass, or rudder.

GRAHAM CAREY,
Editor,
Catholic Art Quarterly.

REPLY

THAT "the rules of morality do not apply so much to a work of literature as to our actions concerning it," as Father Canavan says, may be true, although I think the terms "rules of morality" and "actions concerning it" need some explication. But even so, Father Canavan will not deny that, on one basis or another, moral judgments of literary works are being made every day.

As to the necessity of relying on probable moral judgments in the regulation of our lives, there can be little argument here. My observation was merely that the moralist should not forget that his judgment of the literary work *is* only probable, that it is not the most charitable or most prudent man who will hurl anathemas on the basis of such a judgment.

Mr. Carey's recitation of basic philosophic principles is spiritedly done, and he is, of course, quite right in declaring these principles to be fundamental. But these preliminary considerations in no way contradict what I wrote in my article. Along with Mr. Carey, I recognize them as fundamentals; my article

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was concerned with other, more particular questions.

In his only specific reference to the problem of literature and morality, Mr. Carey inveighs against ideas which I myself quite explicitly rejected. Far from urging the doctrine of art for its own sake, "separate from and independent of both intelligibility and morality," as Mr. Carey puts it, I said this: "Literature is an art of words, after all, and words have referents outside themselves. Insofar as the literary work involves some conception of reality, viewed and valued by a human being, it must have relevance to our other-than-literary views, values and conceptions of reality." I cannot imagine how these plain statements could be misunderstood.

"That 'art' is in some sense detached from morals" was definitely and clearly not, as Mr. Carey incomprehensibly declares, "the chief theme" of my article. I said, specifically, in several ways and in several places, that "the moral judgment of literature is by no means irrelevant or invalid." I cannot imagine how this could be misunderstood either.

I am not sure whose tree Mr. Carey thinks he is barking up, but it is certainly not mine.

RICHARD HORCHLER.

II—Birth Control in Pennsylvania

Pittsburgh, Penn.

TO THE EDITORS: I am shocked by the tone of your January 23 editorial, entitled "Controversy in Pennsylvania." I had never expected to encounter such an outrageous probabilism in The Commonweal. Your reasoning can, indeed, be "justified" on no other ground than the wholly discredited "moral" theory of Bartholomaus de Medina (1580), who said, ". . . It is lawful for a doubting conscience to follow a probable opinion even if the opposite opinion is more probable."

I can understand you may have a doubting conscience *vis à vis* the bigotry of Protestants, much in evidence. From this you might conclude that Pennsylvania Protestants probably favor the dissemination of birth control knowledge among those on relief solely to keep their tax burdens to the minimum. I submit that this unflattering estimate of Protestant motivations in the matter is what you mean to suggest when you plainly equate our stand with wanting to "do away with the poor."

But I have attended with interest and approval your summons to a new dialogue in America. You have implied in some of your editorials that Protestants might be worth talking to. If so, is it not more probable that our motives in the birth control matter may be more generous than you allege? Can you "justify" your editorial on any other grounds than probabilism, then? And is probabilism a likely ground for a new dialogue?

As a weekly reader of The Commonweal, let me reiterate, I am stunned by the yellow journalism in this editorial. Thus I note you first use the phrase: "relief" measure. Two sentences later the phrase becomes: "relief measure." May I ask whom you are quoting? If no one, why can you have used quotation marks, save to confuse the unwary reader into accepting your wholly unwarranted interpretation of the action of our Board of Public Assistance?

I quote in its entirety the resolution passed by the Board: "In those instances where a case worker has reason to believe, or has been informed by a client, that there is need for maternal health advice or therapy, and where there are no religious restrictions on the part of either the worker or the client, proper referrals may be made to either the client's doctor or maternal health center. Where a case worker, because of religious convictions may not make such a recommendation, the case worker's supervisor shall see that information relative to such services shall be conveyed to the family concerned." Kindly be good enough to demonstrate to me that this is a "relief measure."

(Rev.) IRVING R. MURRAY,
First Unitarian Church.

St. Louis, Mo.

TO THE EDITORS: In your editorial on the birth-control controversy in Pennsylvania [Jan. 23], you distinguish between the right of non-Catholic medical personnel, supported by public funds, to prescribe birth-control devices for therapeutic reasons to non-Catholic patients in public hospitals, and the right of non-Catholic public welfare workers to do the same thing, for "relief" reasons. The one is judged allowable, the other is not, for reasons which, to me, add up to rhetorical pettifogging rather than reason.

The relief worker is judging the psychological, emotional and economic stresses and strains of the family; he is as qualified to do this, and may be as right or wrong as a medical doctor about the "therapeutic" value of birth-control devices. Both have relative competence in their areas; both are in their areas; what is allowable for one, or unallowable, holds for the other. Psychological, emotional or economic "relief" is as justifiable an end as organic well-being; to hierarchize them smacks of legalistic lunacy.

Moreover, the State is no more active in the case of the New York hospital than it is in the fieldwork in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pennsylvania. Precautions could easily be taken in both places to get the opinion of several judges, on the economic and mental factors involved, or the health factors, before birth control would be recommended or not. The State pays for both cases, but the *situation,* and the religious affiliation of doctors, case worker and patient are the governing elements.

As for the enquiry into the person's religion, what difference between a doctor making it in a public hospital and a "social doctor" making it in a home—but neither need be the case, since the social worker could easily say: "If your religious beliefs are such that they do not etc. . . ." without ever needing to know the faith of the patient. In short, your distinction is utterly groundless as far as essential relationships go, or in so far as the State has a part. I would have hoped that you would take the same stand in Pennsylvania that you took in New York.

DAN SULLIVAN.

REPLY

IN DISCUSSING the issues involved in the recommendation of birth control measures to relief clients, we argued not for a position which we regard as more or less probable, as Dr. Murray suggests, but for a position we regard as preferable to that inherent in the Pennsylvania resolution. Nor did we impute to Protestants, or any other group, base motives for having a position which differs from our own. We know that many sincere, thoughtful Protestants justify birth control measures on moral and other grounds. We also know that no fruitful dialogue can take place when false inferences are made the basis for discussions. If we did overemphasize the resolution as a relief measure it was only because this aspect was stressed by the editorial we quoted from the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette,* which even estimated the possible savings to the taxpayer.

Mr. Sullivan finds no difference between the situation in New York and that in Pennsylvania. If we did not, we would have arrived at his conclusion. We see no reason why relief clients should be deprived of services available to other citizens. But we do see differences. The case worker does not have the same competence as the doctor: aside from the kinds of training involved, that which the relief worker is called upon to judge—"the psychological, emotional and economic stresses and strains"—does not permit the same degree of competent judgment. Nor does the Pennsylvania resolution impose the careful limitations which are a part of the New York directive. We think, further, as we said in the editorial, that a preferable alternative to recommendations of birth control measures would be to increase aid of various kinds to the relief clients.

THE EDITORS.

THE STAGE

PEMBERLEY SHADES

THE "SMALL SQUARE two inches of ivory" which is Jane Austen's kingdom has been expanded to the stage, and the Chinese fidelity of her carving blunted to the uses of caricature. "First Impressions" has not, as a musical investiture of *Pride and Prejudice,* distinction of melody, presence or wit —save for a haunting, anachronistic ballad, and some amiable dresses—yet it makes an occasion to which one attends, if only with the melancholy pleasures of regret. For how graciously, like a fan, Miss Austen's intricate ceremonial of illusion and irony might have opened to a tutored sensibility, to a talent as light and bright and sparkling as its own! Mr. Abe Burrows, a most fantastical Janeite—late have I loved thee, as it were—is not quite this singular personage; his effects, shall one say, are inadequate to his enthusiasm, and he has misjudged the susceptibility of the Hertfordshire temper to the wow technique. For all the energy of his love, he does not seem really to have responded to Miss Austen's quality, and he has mistaken her novel as the victorious annihilation of snobbery it is faultily thought to be. What he elides are the multitudinous shades of ironic color, those aspects of "regulated hatred" which make up the Austen satire, and above all, that poise of justice and sentiment which is the novel's supreme virtue—its various study in the education of the feelings.

Were it not for the evidence of "My Fair Lady"—which itself goes soft and predictable in the reaches of pure sentiment—one might despair of the musical stage ever encompassing intimations of such complexity. Yet who can doubt that its obsession with ideas of light character only must deny its images anything like a permanent weight of human significance? With such possibilities, for example, of lyricism, fantasy, pointed comment on vanity and self-regard as a novel like *Pride and Prejudice* makes available to musical investiture, Mr. Burrows, his lyricists and composers have settled on the most trivially obvious. They deny their work, thus, any of that fine edge of surprise which is the quality of all living things. And it is just such an air of business as usual—this promiscuous willingness to exploit the imaginative life of a first creation without bringing to it any flame of one's own—that makes the Broadway musical theater seem lately so footling and parasitic an enterprise.

Mr. Burrows' vagrant good will towards Miss Austen is shared by his cast, most of whose members have uncommonly curious ideas of *Pride and Prejudice,* the Regency, and country manners. Theirs is an affliction, I might add, which starts at the top. In a remarkable interview preceding the opening, Miss Polly Bergen and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Farley Granger expressed a total indifference to Miss Austen's sense of life in any issue but the matter at hand. (Such are the intensities of the theater mind.) Unfortunately, the results may be said to show. Miss Bergen is a ripely beautiful woman, with an aspect of intelligence, but her strictly contemporary personality, her breezy ways and "gutsy" voice would enhance a nightclub more than they would Netherfield. Miss Austen searched vainly in the London galleries for an image of the beloved Lizzie, but I fear she would have no more success at the Alvin. Mr. Granger cuts an elegant cipher as Darcy, but behind the shell of his performance there is no pride of class, only a dry sulkiness, and never more than a juvenile love of display.

It must follow that the mettlesome encounter of *Pride and Prejudice* may hardly be said to ensue, and the focus of attention is consequently pre-empted by that raffish menace to all decorum, Miss Hermione Gingold. By some irony which Miss Austen would have savored, the Madame Gingold has been sharply rated by critics—suddenly alert to Unity of Style—for insinuating into the role of the provincial Mrs. Bennet her slimy prowl, her fastidious grossness, and that perpetual air of being, as it were, on randy French leave in a sailors' tavern. I should say, contrarily, that Miss Gingold has simply exercised her theatrical intelligence to make, by private resources of personality, and *faute de mieux,* something of nothing. "Are the shades of Pemberley to be thus polluted?" Lady Catherine de Bourgh might thunder out of her bombazine depths, but who is to deny that with Miss Gingold leering rapaciously at its center, "First Impressions" takes on an antic life of the imagination? *(At the Alvin.)* RICHARD HAYES.

The Editors of The Commonweal
are pleased to announce
The Brandeis University
1959 Creative Arts Award of $1500
for Dramatic Criticism
to
RICHARD HAYES

Jury for the Award in Theater:
Katharine Cornell — Joseph Wood Krutch
Eric Bentley — Stark Young
Louis Kronenberger, Chairman

THE SCREEN

THE SPIRIT SURVIVES

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE in watching the fine movie made from *The Diary of Anne Frank* not to remember that only one of the eight people who hid in the Amsterdam garret escaped death from the Nazis. Yet it is not a depressing movie. One is always aware of man's inhumanity to man and the fate that awaits these people—but one is even more aware of the survival of the human spirit, as it is recorded in the great document that is Anne's diary.

The film opens with Anne's father returning to his secret apartment over the spice factory and remembering in sadness as he reads this diary. It tells of the good times and the bad times that eight people went through in one small apartment—the fears when Nazis prowled below or Allied air raids stormed above; the shattered nerves brought on by the crowded quarters, the short tempers; the patched-up quarrels; and also the fun and gay times they had together. It shows humanity at its best and worst. And out of it all emerges a girl of unquenchable spirit, Anne Frank, who was only thirteen when she started her two-year diary in 1942.

Producer-director George Stevens, who is a perfectionist when it comes to making movies, applies the same high standards to "The Diary of Anne Frank" as he did to his earlier fine films: "Shane," "Giant," "A Place in the Sun." But perhaps the Diary, with its concentration on little people of big spirit, is too demanding for any moviemaker.

The picture has the extraordinary black-and-white photography of Jack Cardiff, displayed on a large CinemaScope screen; and it has realistic sets that duplicate the Franks' apartment in the loft as well as a few, beautifully photographed outdoor scenes in Amsterdam, including the actual spice factory where these Jewish people hid in the secret loft for two long years. And it has a fine cast skillfully directed by Stevens to portray the eight refugees, the two brave Hollanders who hid them and brought them food from time to time, the various factory workers, and the Nazi soldiers who add to the suspense by forcing the refugees into long periods of stockingfooted silence and trepidation. And by no means the least member of Stevens' cast is young Peter Van Daan's cat, beloved by Peter and Anne, despised by Mr. Dussell (Ed Wynn as the cantankerous old man who joins the hiders). But for all its excellence, the picture takes on a pretentious tone—due partly to its slick bigness, and partly to its excessive length. Including the intermission, it runs for a full three hours.

But when "The Diary" is good, it is very very good. Joseph Schildkraut is superb as Mr. Frank, the gentle

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and understanding father and husband, the wise head of the harried group in the loft. If the performance of Millie Perkins as Anne doesn't match Mr. Schildkraut's in depth or sensitivity, it must be said that she looks well in the role and has a winsome, girlish quality. This comes through particularly well when she finds herself attracted to Peter, the Van Daan's son, well played by Richard Beymer as a growing teenager who finally learns that Anne really can be better company than the cat.

Diane Baker portrays the frail sister with a sweetness that never cloys; while Gusti Huber is extremely moving as the mother hurt by Anne's indifference toward her but determined at all times to be fair to everyone in this cramped apartment which was by no means designed to accommodate eight people—especially when two of them are as self-centered as Peter's parents, expertly played by Lou Jacobi and Shelley Winters not as bad people but as people whose littleness is increased by the trying situation.

Director Stevens is at his best in displaying the petty quarrels brought on by exhausted nerves in close quarters, the soothing effect of Mr. Frank's mellowness which through Schildkraut's acting becomes the finest thing in the picture, and the budding romance between Anne and Peter. The film's most moving scene shows these brave and persevering Jewish people celebrating Hanukkah with Anne's joyful gift-giving after the religious readings. Even viewers tired of Millie Perkins' thin voice would warm up to her and Anne's final words: "In spite of everything, I believe that people are really good at heart. I simply can't build up my hopes on a foundation consisting of confusion, misery and death." Such a spirit survives.

WALT DISNEY'S studio, which likes to make pictures that win the young but isn't adverse to attracting adults, has come up with a modern fantasy that may very well satisfy both groups. "The Shaggy Dog" tells the story of a teenager who turns into an Old English sheep dog; and some of this skittish plot is very amusing thanks to the lively script and pleasing cast.

Tommy Kirk is a delight as the perplexed but earnest young fellow; and adding to the fun are Fred MacMurray as his irate father, who's allergic to dogs; Jean Hagen as his placid mother; Kevin Corcoran as his little brother, who prefers Tommy as a playful dog than as an older brother; Cecil Kellaway as a professor whose only advice to Tommy-as-dog is "be happy and keep a stiff upper lip." After the situation is established and all the reactions noted, the plot gets involved in a silly spy story and may lose its adult audience. But kids at least are sure to stick with it to the end.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

"The most important single contribution to the theory of Catholic religious education yet to appear in English."
—PHILIP SCHARPER in The Commonweal

SHAPING THE CHRISTIAN MESSAGE

Essays in Religious Education
edited by
Gerard S. Sloyan

Thirteen Catholic authorities here analyze concrete and practical as well as historical problems of religious education. The contributors are Gerard S. Sloyan, Josef A. Jungmann, J. D. Crichton, Joseph Colomb, Pierre Ranwez, Francois Coudreau, Andre Boyer, Gustave A. Weigel, John A. Hardon, Johannes Hofinger, James Maguire, F. H. Drinkwater and Georges Delcuve.

Edited by Gerard S. Sloyan of the Catholic University, and published by Macmillan in cooperation with the WILLIAM J. KERBY FOUNDATION, the book is a memorial volume to the Foundation's late secretary, Monsignor William J. Russell, author, professor and retreat master, who dedicated the Foundation's work to a defense of the dignity and rights of the individual in American democracy.

Secure your copy of SHAPING THE CHRISTIAN MESSAGE today—either using the attached coupon (we can bill you later, if you wish), or from a bookstore.

WILLIAM J. KERBY FOUNDATION
The Catholic University of America
Washington 17, D. C.

Sirs: Please send me....copies of Father Sloyan's SHAPING THE CHRISTIAN MESSAGE, at $5.50 per copy.

☐ I enclose $.....
☐ Bill me later.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... Zone .... State .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Untempered Drive for Justice

THE PLEDGE. By Friedrich Duerrenmatt. Knopf. $3.

By SUE DAVIDSON

IT IS INSPECTOR Matthäi of the Zürich cantonal police who makes, to the mother of a murdered child, "the pledge" of this novel. The anguished mother prevails upon Matthäi to promise by his "soul's salvation" that he will bring to justice the sex-maniac who killed the little girl. Suspicion falls immediately upon a peddler of unsavory reputation who had been observed near the scene of the crime; and when the peddler, after a grueling police third-degree, confesses and then hangs himself, everyone is satisfied that justice has been done, including the dead girl's mother.

Everyone, that is, except Inspector Matthäi, whose professional genius makes it impossible for him to accept the official version of the crime. Burdened now not only by his unfulfilled pledge and by his conviction that the dangerous killer is still at large, but also by a feeling of responsibility for the innocent peddler's suicide, he sets out to track the killer. This quest becomes the single obsessive purpose of his life, in the process of which he destroys himself and, ironically, another mother and child.

Although *The Pledge* is cast along the lines of a detective story, Swiss author Friedrich Duerrenmatt's moral seriousness places the book outside the genre of thriller. Mr. Duerrenmatt, an accomplished dramatist, is known here for his play "The Visit," first presented last spring by the Lunts. In that play, as in this first novel, Mr. Duerrenmatt was preoccupied with the problem of justice—with the human lust for justice, the human proclivity to confound justice with vengeance, and the corruptive power of men's faith in justice. But whereas in the play the voice of reason is barely represented by any character, and then only in a craven whisper, *The Pledge* gives us a fairly reasonable and humane antagonist against the untempered drive for justice. He is the narrator of Matthäi's story, and Matthäi's former chief on the cantonal police force, Herr M.

Attempting to dissuade Matthäi from his one-man hunt for the killer, and justifying his own refusal to participate in it, Herr M. told him that "Children . . . were always in danger. . . . We could instruct the parents and warn the children, and we had done all that, but we could not weave our police networks so close that no crimes at all would be committed. . . . We had to do our duty . . . but our first duty was to remain within our limits. Otherwise we would only find ourselves setting up a police state."

As with reasonable limitations on state institutions, so with limitations on individuals. In his single-minded pursuit of justice, Matthäi inevitably loses sight of all other moral considerations. He befriends a streetwalker and her child solely for the purpose of having the child at his disposal, as a decoy to trap the sex-maniac. In his rage and disappointment at the failure of the child to fall in with this plan, his treatment of her turns bestial. His behavior is contagious; and there is a horrifying scene in which he and the police officials come close to mass-murdering the unwilling little decoy, whom they presumably wish to "protect."

None of this goes to say that the novel sets up a dichotomy of reason vs. emotion. On the contrary, the tragic Matthäi is a man in whom the Swiss national characteristic of emotional stolidity had—until he made his pledge—amounted to a disease. His impersonality and lack of passion had earned him among the police and the underworld the nickname of "Matt the Automat." The passion which finally stirs him, however, does not lead him toward life; it merely seals and confirms his essential deadness. Mr. Duerrenmatt may be suggesting that the passion for justice flourishes best in such dead and dying souls—and cultures.

The writing in this novel is of the best, uncluttered and evocative. Before Mr. Duerrenmatt's relentless pen those cherished picture-postcard images of Switzerland must dissolve and give way to the dingy, sad, real world where Inspector Matthäi meets his fate.

A History of Soviet Philosophy

DIALECTICAL MATERIALISM. By Gustave A. Wetter. Translated by Peter Heath. Praeger. $10.

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

IT IS A paradox that some of the best work on Soviet philosophy is being done by Catholic priests. This is the case with Father Wetter, the Jesuit author of *Dialectical Materialism,* who first delivered the material in his study as a lecture series at the Papal Oriental Institute. It is also true of the Dominican, Father Bochenski, little of whose work is yet available in the United States. Both of these writers approach their subject with scholarship, tolerance, even with a certain sympathy.

The bulk of Father Wetter's book is devoted to philosophy in the Soviet Union. There is a brief, but quite interesting, account of the rise of Marxism and of the early Russian Marxists. This is particularly important, since it allows Father Wetter to distinguish sharply between the earlier developments (Marx himself, Plekanov, even Lenin and Trotsky) in which honest men were groping for a philosophy, and the later totalitarian experience when philosophy became a function of political policy. The only problem with this section is its brevity (which leads, for instance, to a certain slighting of Plekanov), but that could not really be helped.

The major portion of the book deals with the history of Soviet phi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

losophy. In the twenties, there was vigor, life and a certain freedom in the Communist debate over basic questions of method and *weltanschauung*. But as the idealism of the October Revolution was progressively destroyed by the rise of Stalin, philosophy more and more became politicized, an instrument of struggle. In the thirties, and then again in the "Zhadanov" period after World War II, every decision on a philosophic question was carefully scrutinized by Party and State for signs of deviation.

But then, even Soviet philosophy is not simple politics. In certain cases—a writer, say, throws out the notion that formal logic has a value of its own, even though dialectical logic is supreme—the first signs of opposition, of dissent, will appear in a philosophical article. It was, after all, a discussion on esthetics at the Petoffi Circle in Budapest which led toward the tumultuous events of the Hungarian Revolution. In addition, and Wetter is particularly good on this count, the totalitarian and manipulative character of official Soviet philosophy does not keep the Soviet philosopher from having a profound insight, so long as he can force it into the system.

Perhaps the most striking relation between philosophy and politics is noted by Wetter in Stalin's famous discourse on linguistics. Why did the dictator of the mightiest totalitarian empire the world has ever known bother to write a pamphlet on the class nature of language? On the surface, this seems quite strange. Yet when Stalin's meditations are probed and examined, it becomes clear that there is a real political intent behind the piece: to state the theory of the "classless state," to argue for Bureaucratic revolution from above, i.e., to apologize for the dictatorship. It takes an intelligent and sensitive reading to put these Aesopian nuances in context. Father Wetter accomplishes the job beautifully.

Yet there is one problem with this book. Since, as Father Wetter so well realizes, Soviet philosophy is decisively affected by the direction of Soviet politics, his book would have even more power if it included a political analysis of Communist society. What are its perspectives? How does an examination of its philosophy lead us to understand the development of the society itself, and vice versa. This was the task attempted by Herbert Marcuse in his *Soviet Marxism*. That study was interesting, provocative, but it was often elliptical and inconclusive. With his ranging survey of Soviet philosophical development, Father Wetter was in a better position than Marcuse to write an analysis of the dialectic of politics and philosophy in the Soviet Union. But he did not.

Yet this criticism concerns a book that one wishes had been written (and which Father Wetter might yet write). As it is, *Dialectical Materialism* is a most valuable addition to the library of Soviet studies. It is not meant for the casual reader, but it is a wonderful book for any serious student of Russian life or the Communist system. And perhaps it will be fol-

Jacopo Sadoleto,
1477-1547

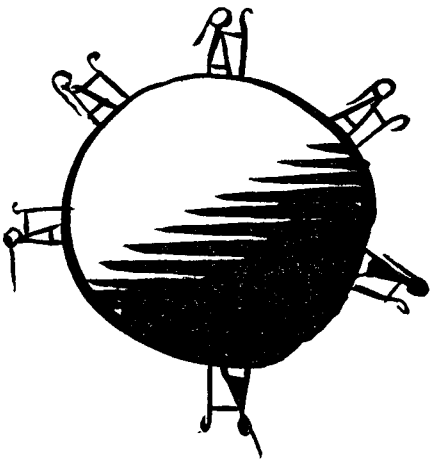
HUMANIST AND REFORMER

By RICHARD M. DOUGLAS

Poet and reformer, Sadoleto was a vital figure in the Italian Renaissance as well as in the Catholic Reform Movement. During a lifetime which paralleled that of Martin Luther's, he was directly involved in almost every major turn of papal policy from the St. Peter's Indulgence of 1515 to the convocation of the Council of Trent. As a Bishop and Cardinal his letters and his life story illuminate the turbulent years when the Reformation was growing strong. $5.00

Through your bookseller, or from

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
79 Garden Street,
Cambridge 38, Mass.



The MOVEMENT of WORLD REVOLUTION

by Christopher Dawson

Socially and politically the world is on the move as it has not been for centuries. Where is it going? Read this forecast by an historian who has the uncommon advantage of knowing the past—that is knowing where the world has come from and how it got where it now is. A choice of the Thomas More Book Club. $3.00

The PARADISE TREE
On Living the Symbols of the Church

by Gerald Vann, O.P.

On the relation of cosmic myths and symbols to Catholic symbols and the liturgy. Readers who know something of the theology of Mass and the Sacraments will find that it adds what is almost a new dimension to their knowledge. Especially recommended to people who enjoyed Mircea Eliade's *Patterns in Comparative Religion*. $4.00

ODO of CLUNY

Translated by

Dom Gerard Sitwell, O.S.B.

Two tenth-century documents: the life of St. Odo by John of Salerno, and the life of St. Gerald of Aurillac by St. Odo. *Makers of Christendom* series. $4.50

Order from any bookstore

Articles on the first two books above appear in Sheed & Ward's OWN TRUMPET. To get the Trumpet, send a card to Lucy MacGill at—

SHEED & WARD New York 3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lowed by a more interpretive account of the fateful history of Soviet philosophy. The excellence of this volume really demands a sequel.

RECENT AND NOTABLE

The Life of St. John of the Cross. By Crisogono de Jesus, O.C.D. Harper. $6.

This biography, written by a Spanish Carmelite, has been highly praised by E. Allison Peers, one of the true authorities on the Spanish mystics. In Professor Peers' words, this study has "marked individuality, intuitive brilliance and breadth of outlook."

The Life of Christ. By Andres Fernandez, S.J. Translated by Paul Barrett, O.F.M. Cap. Newman. $12.

This study, by a former Professor and Rector of the Pontifical Biblical Institute, which has for years been gaining acclaim, has now been rendered into English and is accompanied by many illustrations and maps.

The Bible. Hawthorn. $57.50 and $27.50.

A large family Bible with many fine illustrations; large, clear text; modern scholarship; and different bindings, which account for the differences in price. But both editions contain the same special and notable features.

The Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church. Edited by E. L. Cross. Oxford. $12.50.

This large dictionary has already earned a deserved reputation as an excellent, well-balanced, and honest reference work. It is particularly valuable on the historical development of Christianity.

REVIEWERS

Sue Davidson has written short stories for many little magazines in this country. This is her first appearance in The Commonweal.

Michael Harrington writes on political and cultural matters for several American journals.

ART

The Witch-craft of Drawing

MATISSE HAS said that a drawing consists not only of what is set down but also of what is left out. It is the particular power to evoke so much more than itself, to say so much with so little, that makes drawing seem almost a witch-craft. One feels this magic in looking at fine drawing—from the bold outlines of the murals in the caves at Altamire to the elliptical calligraphy of Paul Klee. It is this dazzling economy of means to achieve richness that immediately enchants. This art is like a thrifty metaphor, which in Ortega's words, "verges on magic, and seems a tool for creation which God forgot inside one of His creatures when He made him."

Yet today this field of art is so neglected that the offering of a major exhibit of drawings is both unusual and unusually welcome. Such an exhibit, however, has been presented at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. *French Drawings in American Collections* was originally assembled to be shown first abroad and then here before being dismantled. A great many of these drawings are from private collections, and are, therefore, a special treat; others are from museums throughout the country and will be available again in their natural habitat. While many of these drawings are individually impressive, there is a special pleasure in being able to compare and contrast them.

Since the French have always been dedicated draughtsmen, and American collectors, luckily, have been enthusiastic admirers of their draughtsmanship, this is a choice and delightful presentation. It is also extraordinarily revealing of each artist's style, even of those one thinks of as essentially "painterly" artists. The exhibit, in fact, is a sort of précis of the history of French Art.

Illustrations of many of these drawings appear in a book entitled *Six Centuries of French Master Drawings in America* by Regina Shoolman and Charles E. Slatkin. In the foreword to this book Charles Sterling, Curator of Painting at the Louvre, tells us that it is a "most acute and subtle guide to the penetration of the French plastic genius," and adds that the French spirit is characterized by "a quest for balance (or succinctness?) rather than extreme attitudes. . . ." He says further that in France "one scarcely knows of a great painter who was not also a great draughtsman."

The sixteenth century portrait of *Francois II as Dauphin* (Harvard Library) by François Clouet, discloses a spoiled, clever young prince in a delicate black-and-red crayon drawing; here the magic lies in the metamorphosis of line-into-psychology, and is accomplished with a precision and elegance that seems to fix the reality of this character in a timeless pattern. This gift for psychological portraiture in line drawing is a tireless strain in French art, and in the mid-nineteenth century one finds many examples in another of France's great draughtsmen, Ingres. *The Study for the Portrait of Mme. d'Haussonville* is perhaps not typical of this artist's usual meticulous detail but it is a masterpiece of linear purity: the sinuous grace of the figure with its rather impudent feminine stance (repeated faintly in a mirror at her back) is a tour-de-force of delineation. That he could do so much with a few light strokes of a graphite pencil has a special fascination that even the full panoply of his paintings, all finish and perfection, cannot overwhelm.

Still in this tradition is the portrait of *Dr. Claribel Cone,* a 1922 pencil drawing by Picasso which shows that master draughtsman at his most discreet and "French": the simple eloquence of a faint outline describes a calm, monumental figure in his "classical" style which somehow breathes the serene, judicious personality of that formidable art collector.

The pictorial genius of France,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

College of Notre Dame of Maryland
Baltimore 10, Maryland
Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame
Fully Accredited
Program leading to A.B. degree
Arts and Sciences
Teacher Training Pre-Medical
For catalog and further information address the Director of Admissions

Saint Mary-of-the-Woods College Campus tradition of charm and friendliness since 1840. An accredited college; B.A., B.S., B.F.A. degrees. Music, art, secretarial training, journalism, home economics, teaching, speech and radio. Interesting cultural, athletic, social programs. Well-equipped buildings. Catalog.
BOX 109, SAINT MARY-OF-THE-WOODS, INDIANA

LA SALLE Military Academy
Foremost Catholic military preparatory school under Christian Brothers. Accredited college preparation. Grades 9-12. Small classes. ROTC highest rating. Beautiful 160-acre campus on Great South Bay. 76th year.
Write for Catalog.
Box W, Oakdale, L.I., New York

Classified

Irish Books and Gifts

• Books, Linens, Gifts, Catalogs.
IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, INC.
870 Lexington Ave., (near 65th) New York

Chesterton and Belloc

• All Chesterton's and Belloc's Books
250 Titles, Free Catalogue.
Prosser, 3118 N. Keating, Chicago 41, Ill.

Catholic Books

• CATHOLIC BOOKS, NEW and USED
Free Lists, Free Search Service
C. F. PETELLE, Box 289, Maywood, Illinois

Handmade Wedding Bands

• HANDMADE LITURGICAL WEDDING BANDS. Renard A. Koehnemann, P.O. Box 575. Chesterton, Indiana.

Teaching Position Wanted

• FRENCH. Ph.D. Assoc. Prof. Courses various levels. Oral skill emphasis. Available Sept. Write BOX 313, THE COMMONWEAL.

Advertising

Classified
$1 a line (6 words)
Two-line minimum

Classified Display
$10.78 per inch (minimum)
Time discounts: 5% for 3 times, 10% for 7 times, 15% for 13 times.
Payable in advance except when ordered through recognized advertising agencies.

The Commonweal
386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N.Y.
MUrray Hill 3-9685

the art of light, form and movement in space, is nowhere more hauntingly expressed than in drawing. Examples in this exhibit are the eighteenth century Fragonards, in particular *The Firecrackers,* where the artist's pen-and-bistre wash over pencil create a whole rococo scene a space playfully filled with light of vaporous, diaphanous effects in and movement; the Delacroix *Armored Figure on Horseback* in which the romantic vigor and allusive dash is conveyed in miniature, in pencil and sepia washes; or the lovely Renoir *Mesdemoiselles Lerolle at the Piano,* a charcoal drawing as bedazzled with light as the most impressionist painting. A part of the pleasure of these is the wonder they provoke in suggesting so thriftily a whole world of sensation.

None of the French drawings present the element of mystery so plain as the ones by Redon. However, it seems they almost eschew the special quality of drawings: they are all *there*—not the less splendid for that, but less "drawings" and less magical. *Cleric Seated at a Table Reading the Ramayana* is a composition in charcoal presenting an enigmatic figure with a secretive mouth that is as complete, as non-allusive as possible

The very essence of drawing-magic is in Picasso's *A Woman Holding a Child* where the charcoal briefly indicates the shrug of a shoulder and the tender droop of a head to evoke all the affinity of the woman for the child on her lap; or in Matisse's *Nude in the Studio* in pen and ink, where a single continuous flowing line creates a whole voluptuous arabesque of form; or in the amazing Seurat *Seated Woman* where the master of "pointillism" constructs out of tiny spots of crayon (with no lines at all) a feminine silhouette transfixed in a scintillating landscape. Or, at the other extreme of technique: Daumier, whose feverish line and swipes of wash seize the dramatic moment in a few gestures. *For the Defense* shows his spiraling line almost in the act of movement and the magic of drawing at the instant when the conjuror pulls the rabbit out of the hat.

BETTY KAUFMAN.

OXFORD PRESENTS
The Writings of
Gerard Manley Hopkins

THE JOURNALS AND PAPERS OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS
Second Edition
Edited by HUMPHRY HOUSE, completed by GRAHAM STOREY. All of Hopkins's previously unpublished poems, fragments from his two early diaries, the journal that gives details of his decision to become a Jesuit, undergraduate essays, his drawings, his music and songs. 43 illustrations. $15.00

THE SERMONS AND DEVOTIONAL WRITINGS OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS
Edited by CHRISTOPHER DEVLIN, S. J. All of Hopkins's sermons written between 1879 and 1881, his commentary on the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius, notes and discourses written down at various times, but chiefly during the Irish period. $6.75

THE SHAPING VISION OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS
By ALAN HEUSER. A thorough examination of many of Hopkins's poems which shows the mental processes by which he developed his ideas and shaped his poems. $3.50

A HOPKINS READER
Edited by JOHN PICK. The best of Hopkins's letters, sermons, and poetry in an authoritative edition. Illustrated. $5.00

THE POEMS OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS
Edited by W. H. GARDNER. $5.00

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS, 1844-1889
A Study of Poetic Idiosyncrasy in Relation to Poetic Tradition
By W. H. GARDNER. A reissue. Two Volumes $8.00

At all bookstores
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Point of View

Editors, contributors and readers alike appear to agree that what is most significant and important about The Commonweal is that it is an embodiment of a point of view. It is a conclusion reflected in quotations from, and references to, The Commonweal in various metropolitan newspapers and other mass media.

This viewpoint is most clearly manifest in The Commonweal's editorials each week on events and public issues. It also is developed, less directly perhaps, in a variety of articles on many subjects—social, cultural and political—by such typical contributors as: Christopher Dawson, H. A. Reinhold, John Cogley, Bede Griffiths, Francis E. McMahon, Maryvonne Butcher, Thomas Molnar and Martin Turnell.

The Commonweal's approach is perhaps one further degree less obvious in its many literary articles and reviews of current books, movies and plays. But it is also implicit there. The magazine's varied content week by week adds up to an integral whole.

Why not examine this viewpoint for yourself?

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

NOT FOR CURRENT RENEWALS

THE COMMONWEAL, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Enclosed is $2.00. Please send the next 13 issues of The Commonweal to:

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

4/10/59

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED